(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Sanford Quest, master criminolog.st of the world, finds that in bringing to Justice Mardougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's datashier, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden but in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half menkey, half man, destroyed by thre. In his rooms have appeared from nowhere black boxes, one containing diamonds form from a lovely throat by a pair of armiess threatening hands, both with sarcastic, threatening hands, both with sarcastic, threatening hotes, signed by the inscrutable hands. His valet, Ross Brown, and a caller, Miss Quigg, are murdered in his rooms, Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's valet. Lenora, adducted by the threatening hands, is rescued. Quest traps Craig, loses him, traps him again in the house where Lenora was imprisented, and loses him yet again after a thrilling chase. The black boxes continue to appear in uncanay fashion with their notes of sarcasm, warning and suggestions of clues, all signed by the inhuman, armiess hands. (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT. · CHAPTER XVIII. "The Inherited Sin."

ETTING kind of used to these courthouse shows, aren't Lenora?" Quest remarked, as they stepped from the automobile and entered the house in Georgia square.

Lenora shrugged her shoulders. She was certainly a very different looking person from the tired, trembling girl who had heard 'Macdougal sentenced not many weeks ago.

"Could anyone feel much sympathy. she asked, "with those men? Red Gallagher, as they all called him, is more like a great brute animal than a human being. I think that even if they had sentenced him to death I should have felt that it was quite the proper thing to have done."

"Too much sentiment about those things," Quest agreed, clipping the end off a cigar. "Men like that are better off the face of the earth. They did their best to send me there."

"Here's a cablegram for you," Lenora exclaimed, bringing it over to him. 'Mr. Quest, I wonder if it's from Scotland Yard!"
Quest tore it open. They read it together, Lenora standing on tiptoe to
peer over his shoulder.
"Stowaway answering in every respect

your description of Craig found on Dur-ham. Has been arrested, as desired, and will be taken to Hamblin House for identification by Lord Ashleigh. Reply whether you are coming over, and full details as to charge."

details as to charge."
"Good for Scotland Yard!" Quest de-clared. "So they've got him, ch? All the same, that fellow's as slippery as an sel. Lenora, how should you like a trip across the ocean, en?"
"I should love it," Lenora replied.
"Do you mean it, really?"

Quest nodded.
"The fellow's fooled me pretty well," he continued, "but somehow I feel that if I get my bands on him this time, they'll stay there till he stands where Red Gallagher did today. I don't feel content to lei anyone else finish off the bb. Got any relatives over there?" "I have an aunt in London." Lenora told him, "the dearest old lady you ever saw. She'd give anything to have me make her a visit."

Quest moved across to his desk and Quest nodded.

Quest moved across to his desk and

ook up a sailing list. He studied it for few moments and turned back to Send a cable off at once t oScotsailing on Lusitania tomorrow.

Charge very serious. Have Lenora wrote down the message and went to the telephone to send it off. As soon as she had finished, Quest took

up his hat again. "Come on," he invited. "The ma-"Come on," he invited. "The machine's outside. We'll just go and leek in on the professor and tell him the news. Poor old chap, I'm afraid he'll never be the same man again."
"He must miss Craig terribly." Leo-

nors observed as they took their places in the automobile, "and yet, Mr. Quest, it does seem to me a most amazing thing that a man so utterly callous and cruel as Craig must be, should have been a devoted and faithful servant to anyone through all these years.

Quest nodded. I am beginning to frame a theory 'I am beginning to frame a theory Craig has lived with the professor he has been a sort of dabbier with him in his studies. Where the professor's gone right into a thing and understood it. Craig, you see, hasn't managed to get past the first crust. His brain wasn't educated enough for the subjects into the consideration of which the professor may have led him. See professor may have led him. See

"You mean that he may have been mad?" Lenorn suggested.
"Something of that sort," Quest assented. "Seems to me the only feasible explanations. The professor's a bit of a terror, you know. There are some queer stories about the way he go some of his earlier specimens in South America. Science is his god. What he has gone through in some of those foreign countries no one knows. Quite enough to unbalance any man of ordi-nary perves and temperament." The professor bluself is remarkably

ine," Lengra observed.
"Prec'sely," Quest agreed, "but then. you see his brain was big enough, to start with. It could hold all there was for it to hold. It's I'ke pouring stop into the wrong receptacle when a man like traig tries to follow him. However, that's on'y a theory. Here we are,

ever, that's only a theory, Here we are, and the front door wide open. I wonder how our friend's feeling today."

They found the professor on his hands and knees upon a dusty floor, Carefully arranged before him were the bones of arranged before him were the bones of a skeleton, each laid in some appointed place. He had a chart on either side of him, and a third one on an easel. He looked up a little impatiently at the sound of the opening of the door, but when he recognized Quest and his companion the annoyance passed from his

Say, are we disturbing you, Mr. Ash-"Say, are we inquired.

leigh?" Quest inquired.

The professor rose to his feet and brushed the dust from his knees.

brushed the dust from his knees.

brushed the dust from his knees.
"I shall be glad of a rest." he said, simply. "You see what I am dolag? I am trying to reconstruct from memory—and a little imagination, perhaps—the important part of my missing skeleton. It's a wonderful problem which those bones might have solved, if I had been able to place them fairly before the scentists of the world. Do you understant the same statement of the same statement. ad much about the human frame, Mr.

Quest shook his head promptly. Still life 3ch't interest me," be de-ared. "Bones are bones, after all, you clared. 'Hones are bones, and an know. I don't even care who my grant-father was, much less who may grand-father a million times removed might have been. Let's step into the study for a mement, professor, if you don't mind," he went on. 'Lenora here is a little sensitive to smell, and a spray of your lones. avender water on some of your bones

The professor ambled amiably toward

On door.
"I never notice it myself," he said
"Very likely that is because I see beyond
these withered for gments into the predistoric worlds from whence they come lustoric worlds from where the some I ait here alone sometimes, and the curtain rolls up, and I find at, self back in one of those far corners of South America, or even in a certain see a

Coefficient Co.

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They made their way, single file, to the road and up to the house. Lord Ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uneasiness which

Dinner served, out of compliment to

sladdened the eye of many an anti-quarian, was ranged along the black-peneled walls. Everything was in har-mony, even the srave precision of the solemn-faced butler and the powdered hair of th two footmen. Quest, perhaps for the first time in his life, felt almost lost, hopelessly out of touch with his surroundings, an alien, and a struggling figure. Nevertheless, he entertained the little party with many stories. He little party with many stories. He struggled all the time against that queer sensation of anachronism which now and then became almost oppressive.

don't know everything, and that's a fact."

"This gentleman is from the United States," Lord Ashleigh reminded him, "so your criticism doesn't affect him. By the bye, Middleton, I heard this morning that you'd been airing your opinion down in the village. Yout seem to rather fancy yourself as a thief-catcher."

"I wouldn't go so far as that, my lord," the man replied, respectfully, "but, still, I hope I may say that I've as much commen sense as most people. You see, sir," he went on, turning to Quest, "the spots where he could emerge from the track of country are pretty well guarded, and he'll be in a fine mess, when he does put in an appearance, to show himself upon a public road. Yet by this time I should say he must be nigh starved. Sooner or later he'll have to come our for food. I've a little scheme of my own. sir, I don't mind admitting," the man concluded with a twinkle in his keen brown eyes. "I'm net giving it away. If I can catch him for you that's all that's wanted, I imagine, and we shan't be any the nearer to it for letting anyone into my little secret."

His master nodded.

from and where we are going to the really guestions which no longer afford room foor the slightest doubt to the really scientific mind. What sometimes does ether limind. What sometimes does ether limind. What sometimes does ether limind, what sometimes does ether limind. What sometimes does centific fact, i recognize the probability of your actually being a person utterly different from what you appear. Man becomes what he is according to the circumstances by which he is assailed. Now, your life here, George, must be a singularly uneventful one."

"Not during the last six months," Lord Ashleigh remarked, with a sigh. Even these last few days have been exciting enough. I must confess that they have left me with a queer sort of nervousness. I find myself listening intently sometimes—conscious, as it were, of the influence or presence of some indefinite diagram."

"Very interesting," the professor murmured. "Spiritualism, as an ex

If I can catch him for you that's all that's wanted. I imagine, and we shan't be any the nearer to it for letting anyone into my little secret."

His master nodded.

"You shall have your rise out of the police, if you can, Middleton," he observed. "It seems queer, though, to believe that the fellow's still in hiding round here,"

As though by common consent they all stood for a moment perfectly still, looking across the stretch of marshland with its boggy places, its scrubby plantations, its clustering masses of tall grasses and bullrushes. The gray twisish had become even more pronounced during the last few minutes. Liftle wreaths of white mist hung over the damp places. Everywhere was a queer silence. The very air seemed breathless. The professor shivered and turned away.

"My nerves," he declared, "are scarceive what they were. I have listened for the soft rolling of a snake in the undersoft place there is something different afoot. I don't like it. George—I don't like it. We will go home, if you please."

They made their way, single file, to the road and up to the house. Lord Ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uncasiness which seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uncasiness which seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uncasiness which seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with seemed to have arisen in the winds of "cond ashleigh stood there with

Ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uncasiness which seemed to have srisen in the minds of all of them.

"Come." he said. "we must put aside our disappointment for the present, and remember that after all the chances are that Craig will never make his escape alive. Let us forget him for a little while. " Mr. Quest." he added. a few minutes later, as they reached the hall, "Moreton here will show you to your room and look after you. Please let me know if you will take an apertif. I can recommend my sherry. We dine at 5 o'clock. Edgar, you know your two way. The blue room, of course. I am coming up with you myself. Her ladyship back yet. Moreton?"

"Not yet, my lord."

"Lady Ashleigh." her lauke."

"Not yet, my lord."
"Lady Ashleigh," her husband explained, "has gone to the other side of the county to open a bazaar. She is looking forward to the pleasure of well-doing out there." coming you at dinner time."

The professor's pleasure at finding pluself once more amongst these familiar surroundings was obvious and inhimself once

They strolled about for an hour or more, looking into different rooms, showing their guest the finest pictures, their trans-Atlantic visitor, in the great even taking him down into the wonder-banqueting hall, was to Quest, especiful cellars. They parted early, but ally, a most impressive meal. They sat Quest stood, for a few moments before ally, a most impressive meal. They sat at a small round table lit by shaded lights in the center of an apartment which was large in reality, and which seemed vast by reason of the shadows which howered down a long succession of family portraits—Ashleighs in the queer Tudor costume of Henry VII; Ashleighs in chain armor, sword in hand, a charger waiting, regardless of the Ashleigh coronet and coat-of-arms, leighs befrilled and bewigged; Ashleighs in the court dress of the Georges—judges, sallors, statesmen and solders.

A collection of armor which would have gladdened the eye of many an antiquarian, was ranged along the black-quarian, was ranged along the black-quarian, was ranged along the black-quarian, was ranged along the black-quarian. Nevertheless. Quest, too, as reluctantly he made his preparations for retiring for the night, was conscious of that oueer sensation of unimagined and impalpable danger.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

Moderate.

Boss-No: we have all the men we

Laborer-Seems like you could take one more, the little bit of work I'd do tense. The conversation between him 1-Judge.



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THE HUNTED MAN

HE COULD HEAD THE HOUNDS

tack upon you, Mr. Quest, introduced hearsay. I shall rather a curious factor into our troubles. Even now I find it a little ditto follow the workings of friend French's mind. It seems hard to believe that he could really have imagined you guilty."

"French is all right," Quest declared.
"He fell into the common error of the letective without imagination."

"Perhaps." the professor assented. "They seem, at least, to have arrested the man. Even now I can scarcely believe that it is Craig-my servant. Craig-who is lying in an English prison. Do you know that his people have been servants in the Ashleigh family for some hundreds of years?" Quest was clearly interested. "Say,

I'd like to hear about that! he excluded. "You know, I'm rather great on heredity, professor. What class did he come from then? Were his people just domestic servants always?" The professor's face was for a mo-ment troubled. He moved to his desk, rummaged about for a time, and finally

ged his shoulders slightly.
"I'at'll Craig's father," he admitted.
"I am afraid I must admit that we come upon a bad piece of family history Silas Craig entered the service of ny father in 1558, as under gamekeeper. Here we come upon the first black mark gainst the name. He appears to have ived reputably for some years, and then, after a quarrel with a neighbor about some trival matter, he deliberitely murdered him, a crime for which e was tried and executed in 1867. John raig, his only son, entered our service in 1890, and, when I left England, ac-companied me as my valet."

There was a moment's silence. Quest shook his head a little reproachfully.
"Professor," he said, "you are a scien-"Professor," he said, "you are a scientific man, you appreciate the significance of heredity, yet during all this time, when you must have seen for yourself the evidence culminating against train, you never mentioned this the dam ing prece of evidence."

The professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the book with a basic control of the professor closed the professor closed the basic control of the professor closed the professor closed the professor closed the basic closed the professor closed t

Bigh alghi "I did not mention it. Mr. Quest." he my a knowledged. because I did not be-

CHAPTER XIX.

HE professor rose from his scat in some excitement as the carriage passed through the great gates of Hamblin Park. He acknowl-

"What about that unhappy man, Craig?" the professor asked, gloomily. "Isn't the Durham almost due now?" Quest took out the cablegram from his pocket and passed it over. The professor's fingers trembled a little as he read it. He passed it back how." professor's fingers trembled a little as the read it. He passed it back, however, without immediate comment.
"You ree, they have been cleverer over here than we were," Quest reover here than we were," Quest rewith a little wave of his hand. "They with a little wave of his hand." were planted by my ancestors in the days of Henry VIII. I have been a days and in the dense forests of central Africa, but for real character, for Africa, but for real character, for splendor of growth and hardiness, there is nothing in the world to touch the Arbleigh oaks

Ashleigh oaks."

"They re some trees," the criminologist admitted.

"You notice, perhaps, the smaller ones, which seem dwarfed. Their tops were cut off by the lord of Ashleigh on the day that Lady Jane Ashleigh was beheaded. Queen Elizabeth heard of it and the street of the commenced to commence the season of the commenced the season of the season of the commenced the season and threatened to confiscate the estate. his parration.

ered from the shock of poor Lenn's death in a marvelous manner. I believe, but the sight of the girl might have brought it back to them. You have left her with friends, I hope, Mr. Quest."

"She has an aunt in Hampstead," the inter explained. "I should have tiked they are the markety there myself. intter explained. "I should have liked to have seen her safely there myself, but we should have been an hour of two later down here, and I tell you." he went on his voice gathering a not abnost of ferocity. I'm wanting to get my hands on that fellow Craig! I won-

we station I expect

I shall go with you to Eng-Quest."

trayed any unusual surprise. So far as the latter was concerned, his first glimpse at Lord Ashleigh's face had warned him of what was coming. "Dear me!" the professor murmured,

sinking into an easy chair. "This is those "We'll get him again," Quest declared, quickly. "Can you let us have the par-ticulars of his escape, Lord Ashleigh? The somer we get the hang of things

the better. Their host turned toward the butler, who was arranging a tray upon the sideboard.

"You must permit me to offer you some refreshments after your journey," he begged. "Then I will tell you the whole story. I think you will agree. blame can be said to rest upon anyone's shoulders. It was simply an exe traordinary interposition of There is tea, whisky and goda and wine here, Mr. Quest. Edgar, I know you'll

take tea. "English tea for me," the professor remarked, watching the cream.
"Whiskey and soda here," Quest de-

ble in easy chairs and he commenced the professor's face was for a more ment troubled. He moved to his desk, rummaged about for a time, and finally produced an ancient volume.

"This really belongs to my brother. Lord Ashleigh," he explained. "He brought it over with him to show me some entries concerning which I was interested. It contains a history of the Hamblin estate since the days of Cromwell and here in the back, you see, is a list of our farmers, bailiffs and understand when I was a bey!"

They swept presently round a bend in consequence of identification. I would have fromwellian wars as a trooper and since those days, so far as I can see, there those days, so far as I can see, there those days, so far as I can see, the reason of the sample. After the inchestic serve been a time when there hasn't been a Craig in the ierrice of our family. A fine race they seem to have been, until—"

"Until When?" Quest demanded.

"It is inchested shoulders shightly.

"Intil When?" Quest demanded.

"It is a father," he admitted. "I am fraid I must admit that we destroy the face of the contains a father," he admitted. "I am afraid I must admit that we destroy the father of the farming and effectual unity. The could be had once more clouded the professor's face. He shrugged his shoulders shightly.

The surprising and effectual unity. The county with a lot of low undergrowth in a marging and effectual unity. The county with a lot of low undergrowth in a marging and effectual unity. The ing everywhere toward the same constructive purpose, had been harmonized by the hand of time into a most surprising and effectual unity. The criminologist, notwithstanding his unemotional temperament, repeated his exclamation as he resumed his place in the carriage.

"This is where you've got us beat sure," he admitted. "Our country places are like gewgaw palaces compared to this. Makes me kind of sorry," he went on regretfully, "that I didn't bring Lenora along."

The professor shook his head.*

"You were very wise," he said. "My brother and Lady Ashleigh have recovered from the shock of poor Lena's death in a marvelous manner, I believe, but the sight of the vir might, have thrown out. The man to whom Craig was handcuffed was stunned, but Craig houself appears to have been undurt. He stunged up, took the key of the handcuffs from the pocket of the efficer, indid them and slipped off into the indergrowth before either the groom or the other Scotland Yard man had recovered their senses. To cut a long story short, that was last Thursday and up till now not a single trace of the fellow has been discovered."

Quest rose abruptly to his feet.

"Say, I'd like to take this matter up fact. It ain't that one grudges then right up the spet where Craig disap
few rabbits, but my tame phesants

replied. "As Edgar will remember, no

doubt. I have always kept a few bloodhounds in my kennels, and as soon as we could get together one or two of the keepers and a few of the local con-stability, we started off again from here. The dogs brought us without a check to this shed, and started off again this war. walked another half mile across a reedy swamp. Every now and hen they had to jump across a small lights.

dyke, and once they had to make a detour to avoid an osicr bed. They came at last to the river. "Now, I can show you exactly how that fellow put us off the seent here," their guide proceeded. "He seems to have picked up something, Edgar, in those South American trips of yours, for a cleverer thing I never saw. You see all these bullrushes everywhere—clouds of them all along the river?"
"We call them tules," Quest muttered. "Well?"
"When Craig arrived here," Lord Ashlaigh continued. "he must have heard

leigh continued. "he must have heard the baying of the dogs in the distance and he knew that the game was up inless he could but them off the scent unless he could put them off the scent. He cut a quantity of these bullrushes from a place a little farther behind those trees, then stepped boldly into the water, waded down to that spot where, as you see, the trees hang over, stood stock still and leaned them all around him. It was dusk when the chase reached the river bank, and I have no doubt the bullrushes presented quite a natural appearance. At any quite a natural appearance. At any rate, although the dogs came without a check to the edge of the river, where he stepped off, they never picked the scent up again either on this side or the other. We tried them for four Lord Ashleigh attended himself to the or five hours before we took them wants of his Auests. Then, at his insti-home. The next morning while the sattion, they nucle themselves comfort place was being thoroughly searched. we came upon the spot where these bullcushes had been cut down, and we found them caught in the low boughs of a tree, drifting down the river."
The professor's fone was filled with something a'most like admiration.
"I must confess." he declared, "I never realized for a single moment that Craig was a person of such gifts. In all the small ways of life, in campaigning, camping out, dealing natural difficulties incidental to expeditions. I have found him invariably a person of resource, ready-witted, and full of useful suggestions. But that he should be able to apply his gifts with such infinite cunning, to a sud-denly conceived career of crime, i must admit amazes me."

Quest had lit a fresh cigar and was

smoking vigorously. "What astonishes me more than anything," he pronounced, as he stood look-ing over the desolate expanse of country "is that when one comes face to face with the fellow he presents all the appearance of a nervoless and broken down coward. Then all of a sudder there spring up these evidences of the most amazing, the most diabolical re-

Ashleigh?" The latter turned his head. An elderly man in a brown velveteen suit, with gaiters and thick boots, relact his hat respectfully. "This is my head keeper, Middleton." master explained. "He was with us

on the case." The professor shook hands heartily with the newcomer.
"Not a day older. Middleton!" he exclaimed. "So you are the man who has given us all this trouble, eh? This contleman and I have come over from ew York on purpose to lay hands on

"I am very sorry, sr." the man re-I wouldn't have fired my gun ?" I had known what the consequences were going to be, but them posching devils that come round here rabbiting fairly send me furious, and that's a It ain't that one grudges them

raig.